

S—S and *F—L.*

A

NEW BALLAD.

Obstupuit steteruntq; come.

VIRG.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. WEBB, near *St. Paul's*. 1743.

(Price Six-Pence.)

2—2 and 7—A

A

NEW BALAD



Printed for W. Water, near St. Paul's, 1743.

(Price 2s. 6d.)

S—S and J—L.

NEW BALLAD.

I
TWAS at the silent solemn Hour,
 When Night and Morning meet,
 In glided J—l's grimly Ghost,
 And stood at S—s's Feet.

II.

His Face was like a Winter's Day
 Clad in *November's* Frown;
 And clay-cold was his shrivel'd Hand,
 That held his tuck'd-up Gown.

III.

S—s quak'd with Fear, th' effect of Guilt,
 Whom thus the Shade bespoke;
 And with a mournful, hollow Voice,
 The dreadful Silence broke.

IV.

IV.

The Night-Owl shrieks, the Raven croaks;
 The Mid-night Bell now tolls;
 Behold thy late departed Friend
 The M———r of the R——ls.

V.

And tho' by Death's prevailing Hand
 My Form may alter'd be;
 Death cannot make so great a change
 As Times have wrought in thee.

VI.

Think of the Part you're acting, S—ds,
 And think where it will end,
 Think you have made a thousand Foes,
 And have not gain'd one Friend.

VII.

Oft hast thou said our Cause was good,
 Yet you that Cause forsook;
 Oft against Places hast thou rail'd,
 And yet a Place you took.

VIII.

'Gainst those how often hast thou spoke,
 With whom you now assent;
 The Court how oft hast thou abus'd,
 And yet to Court you went.

IX.

How could you vote for War with *Spain*,
 Yet make that War to cease?
 How could you weep for *England's* Debts,
 Yet make those Debts encrease?

X.

X.

How could you swear your Country's Good
Was all your Wish, or Fear?
And how could I, old doating Fool,
Believe you was sincere?

XI.

Thou art the Cause why I appear,
(From blisful Regions drawn.)
Why teeming Graves cast up their Dead,
And why the Church-yards yawn,

XII.

Is owing all to thee, thou Wretch!
The Bill thou hast brought in
Opens this Mouth, tho' clos'd by Death,
To thunder against Gin.

XIII.

If of Good-nature any Spark
Within thee thou canst find;
Regard the Message that I bring,
Have Mercy on Mankind!

XIV.

But oh! from thy relentless Heart
The horrid Day I see,
When thy mean Hand shall overturn
The good design'd by me.

XV.

Riot and Slaughter once again
Shall their Career begin,
And every Parish suckling Babe
Again be nurs'd with Gin.

XVI.

XVI.

The Soldiers from each Cellar drunk
 Shall scatter Ruin far,
 Gin shall intoxicate them, and
 Let slip those Dogs of War.

XVII.

This proves thee, S---s, thy Country's Foe,
 And Desolation's Friend.
 What can thy Project be in this?
 And what can be thy End?

XVIII.

Is it, that conscious of thy Worth,
 Thy Sense, thy Parts, thy Weight;
 Thou know'st this Nation must be drunk
 E'er it can think thee Great.

XIX.

Too high, poor Wren! hast thou been borne
 On P-----y's Eagle Wings,
 Thou wert not form'd for great Affairs,
 Nor made to talk with Kings.

XX.

But where's thy Hate to Court and Power,
 Thy Patriotism, S-----s?
 Think'st thou that Gown adorns thy Shape,
 That purse becomes thy Hands?

XXI.

As when the Fox upon the Ground,
 A Tragick Mask espy'd,
 Oh! what a specious Front is here!
 But where's the Brain? he cry'd.

XXII.

XXII.

So thou a L——d of T——y
And Ch——ll——r art made,
Sir R——b——t's Place, and Robe, and Seal,
Thou haft ; but where's his Head ?

XXIII.

Thou 'rt plac'd by far too high ; in vain
To keep your Post you strive,
In vain like *Phaeton* attempt
A Chariot, you can't drive.

XXIV.

Each Act you do betrays your Parts,
And tends to your undoing ;
Each Speech you make your Dulness shews,
And certifies your Ruin.

XXV.

Think not like Oaks to stand on high,
And brave the Storms that blow ;
But like the Reed bend to the Earth,
And to be safe, be low.

XXVI.

Poor in thyself, each Party's Joke,
Each trifling Songster's Sport,
P———m supports thee in the House,
The E——l of B——b at Court.

XXVII.

These are the Men, that push thee on
In thy own Nature's Spite ;
So, like the Moon, if thou could'st shine,
'Twould be by borrowed Light.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

But soft, I scent the Morning Air,
The Glow-worm pales his Light,
Farewel, remember me, it cry'd,
And vanish'd out of Sight.

XXIX.

S——s trembling rose, frighted to Death,
Of Knowledge quite bereft,
And has since that unhappy Night,
Nor Sense nor Mem'ry left.

F I N I S.